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The Tapestry Weavers.

Chester, Anson G.

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Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care;
The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, to the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving alway till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate;
We may not see how the right side looks—we can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver need have fear,
Only let him look clear into Heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of our Savior forever and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the master; it shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear him thence, shall come down,
And God for his wage shall give him—not coin, but a golden crown.

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